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SIERRAS ADIOS. HY JOAQUIN MILLER.

With a buckler and sword into battle
I moved, I was matchless and strong;
I stood in the rush and the rattle
Of shot, and the spirit of song
Was upon me, and youthful and splendid
My armor fashed far in the sun
As I sang of my land. It is ended,
And all has been done—and undone,

I descend with my dead in the trenches,
To-night I bend down on the plain
In the dark, and memory wrenches
The soul. I turn up to the rain
The cold and the beautiful faces—
Aye, faces forbidden for years
Turned up to my face with the traces
Of blood to the white rain of tears.

Count backward the years on your fingers While forward rides yonder white moon, Fill the soul turns aside, and it lingers By a grave that was born of a June— By the grave of the soul, where the grasses Are tangled as witch-woven hair, And where footprints are not, and where passe Not any thing known anywhere.

By a grave without toombstone or token, At a tomb where no fern-leaf or fir,
Root or branch was once bended or broken
To bestow there the body of her;
Por it lives, and the soul perished only,
And alone in that land, with these hands,
bid I hay the dead soul, and all lonely
Does it lie to this day in the sands.

Lo! a wild little maiden with tresses,
Of gold on the wind of the hills;
Aye, a wise little maiden, that guesses
Some good in the cruelest ills;
And a babe, with his baby fists doublest
And thrust to my beard and within,
And he laughs like a fountain half troubled,
When my fingers chuck under his chin.

Should the dead not decay when the culture Of fields be resumed in the May?

Lo! the days are dark-winged as the vulture, Let them swoop, then, and bear them sway. By the walks let me cherish red flowers, By the wall teach one tendril to run, Lest I wake and watch all the hours, I shall ever see under the sun.

It is well, maybeso, to hear losses, And to bend and bow down to the rod, If the scarlet red bars and the crosses Be rounds up the ladder to God, But this mocking of men! Ah! that enters The marrow; the howling of Heli In return for my song love that center Vast land, upon thee, is not well.

And I go, thanking God in my going And I go thanking God with hands lifted, That a land lies beyond, where the free And the giant of heat and the gifted

DAISY'S SERGEANT. A Story by the Late Fred. W. Loring.

military station, west of the Rocky premises of the two gentlemen. mountains. This military station was The arrival of Daisy Gilbert produced the general when she first heard the Col. Crestle. news of his transference to the West; Now, one day, when it happened that then the scene as I have described it at | which he delivered and went away. Camp Jenkins, while Gen. Bullington is discovered on the piazza in front of his Daisy. cottage, just waked from his afternoon "Is he?" said Gen. Bullington nap by the arrival of the daily mail. In his hand is an open letter, signed Matilda Bullington, which informs him soldier. that his wife will arrive a week after her | "He wasn't a common soldier," said

"Crestle!" cried the general to his lieutentant, who was crossing the parade | Mrs. Bullington. ground; "Look here, will you?"

Lieut. Crestle, formerly a lieutenant- | Daisy; and Mrs. Crestle laughed. But colonel of volunteers, not only looked Mrs. Bullington did not laugh. and a Philadelphian.

is coming next next.

"So is mine," replied Crestle.

"I have good news," said Dr. Gil- colored; then she observed that his eve bert; "My wife is coming next week." fell upon the flowers she held. Sud-'It's a conspiracy!" said Gen. Bul- denly, almost abruptly, she held them

gentlemen, how do I pass my afternoons her.

said Col. Crestle.

Gen. Bullington, "I shall go trouting you do next?" With these oracular words, Gen. Bul- | the humbug innocently.

paper and carpet the officers' cottages; Crestle. ed at the door from the ambulance which | with dignity.

was, and greeted her cordially, minutes," he said. "I see you and my row night."

said Mrs. Bullington severely.

"We have not yet been introduced," over at Porter Gulch. Shall we go?" aid Mrs. Bullington severely.

The general felt vaguely that there

"O, yes," said Daisy, "by all means," reflectively. "Curran, Curran, Your looked rigidly proper.

"O, yes," said Daisy, "by all means," looked rigidly proper.

"Why, Ned," said Mrs. Crestle, face seems familiar. Are you any relative, wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd come angels shall open the gates and received. was a natural antagonism between Mrs. | "just think what you are proposing! tive of Mrs. Joseph Curran of Philadel- obedient, energetic; but he did not open some deck of linear back cards.

them with the air of a martyr. "I am happy to meet you, Mrs. Cres-

tle," said Mrs. Gen. Bullington. "You are very kind," returned Mrs. Crestle. Mrs. Crestle was a small wo- tle," said Mrs. Bullington. "It is pos- "I thought your face seemed familiar. man, and Mrs. Bullington a large one; sible for us to go, and I for one would General, how much he reminds one of but size is not always victorious in fem- enjoy it. General, we will go and take Joseph Curran. ine contests.

"Is your husband stationed here?" inquired Mrs. Bullington. "Yes, Mrs. Bullington," replied Mrs. that sent your husband here.'

husband a colonel then?"

ignated Mrs. Crestle, would ever dare house, where the ball was to take place, to address her as "Mrs. Capt. Bulling- alone

couples went in to dinner. the tront stream.

graceful, though petite. She had con- that was. Fat wom

By the time of her arrival, there was known as the "ladies chain" with her a distinctly recognized hostility between | grand-daughter. Mrs. Gen. Bullington and Mrs. Crestle.

few who did washing for their oppres- was injured, and her temper slightly the banks of a rivulet of clear and marked and intense was the impression toward Mrs. Bullington and Daisy. sparkling spring water, and the parade she produced upon the ladies. Mrs. ground was a magnificent lawn of vel- Gen, Bullington remarked to Mrs. vety grass. Around this parade ground | Crestle that Daisy was so gentle and | May I have the honor, marm?" stood the quarters of the garrison; at modest. Mrs. Crestle replied in acthe head, four cottages belonging to the | quiescence with Mrs. Bullington, intiofficers and the surgeon; while the bar- mating that a chief charm of Daisy was racks and the guard-room completed that she never gave herself any airs. three sides of the rectangle, the fourth To this Mrs. Bullington retorted that being left open, and showing a wonder- Miss Gilbert wasn't always "working ful picture of purple mountains, barren and contriving to gain gentlemen's atand verdureless for thousands of feet, tention, Mrs. Crestle," and Mrs. Crestle while the summits held pine forests, and responded, that she wasn't so old that fields of dazzling snow that flashed on she had to exert herself to do so. The the eves even in the middle of arid July. ladies were fast becoming a little

Outside of Camp Jenkins, for miles broad and inelegant in their manner of around, were deserts of sage-brush; in- scratching each other, being so far reside was a natural landscape, that by moved from civilization. Each looked contrast seemed a bit of paradise. The on Daisy as an adherent that must be inhabitants of this paradise were, at the won by her side. But Daisy would not opening of this story, in the Adamite ally herself to either the Bullington condition as far as the absence of wo- or the Crestle faction; though she was man was concerned. Mrs. Gen. Bul- a great pet with the general, and aclington had flatly refused to accompany cepted numberless little attentions from

afterward, finding that the general was Daisy and Mrs. Crestle were on Mrs. placidly preparing to go without her, Bullington's piazza together, a sergeant she determined to follow. Imagine came up with a message to the general, "What a handsome soldier!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Bullington, von ought not to notice a common

Daisy; "for he had braid on his arm." "The principle is the same," said "But he was handsome," insisted

there, as the general requested, but She delivered a short lecture upon came there and stood by the side of his the evils which might arise from young commanding officer. He was a hand- ladies looking at young people of the some, soldierly-looking fellow, dear to opposite sex; and then, with swift, fem-Gen. Bullington because he was brave, inine logic, asserted that such evils honorable, a graduate of West Point, were intensified when there was great social inequality between the looker-on "Creste," said the general, "my wife and the looked-on. Daisy stood there, very pretty and slightly vexed, pulling a bouquet to pieces, as the calm stream "And the cottage is not in order; and of Mrs. Bullington's discourse meanthe carpets are not down," said the dered gently on. Again the sergeant general plaintively, "Here's the doc- appeared, and stood before them. Daisy saw him look at her admiringly, and

"What do they all come together for? | "Do you like flowers?" she asked, There will be a row here in two, days." "If you do you can have them." And "That is an ungallant remark," said the sergeant bowed and glanced expres-"I can't help it," said Gen. Bulling- pressive; and then he walked away.

sively at her; his eye was blue but exton. "Matilda is the best woman in "My dear," began Mrs. Bullington; the world; but when she comes,-well, and then she stopped; utterance failed

"Well," said Mr. Crestle, "has that not my only reason." "You sleep, and you go trouting," sergeant made a conquest of you, Dai-aid Col. Crestle. sy? First you called him handsome, periously. "Well, after Matilda comes," said then you gave him flowers; what will

"O was that the same sergeant?" said

same spot, Col. Crestle said :

"Yes," said Col. Crestle, "a ball way Daisy did so.

Crestle and his wife, and introduced There will be miners and all sorts of phia, a charming woman, and a very the conversation; so Daisy herself finaldreadful creatures there, and its fifteen | dear friend of mine?" miles away from here. Our going is "I am her husband's nephew," said quite out of the question,"

> Daisy with us. "Very well," said the general sub-

missively.
Now, Mrs. Gen. Bullington did not Crestle. "Colonel Crestle was trans- wish to go to the ball at Porter's Gulch, ing, and enjoys the picturesque element so kind as to let me be my old self." ferred to this place by the same order and only the controversial spirit inspired "Ah!" remarked Mrs. Bullington, in possible for her to recede from her po- over such a commonplace-looking sera slightly surprised tone. "Is your sition, and so on the appointed evening she and Daisy, together with Gen. Bul-The skirmish had proved successful settlement, Dr. Gilbert was recognized for Mrs. Crestle. Mrs. Bullington real- and carried off to attend a sick person ized it, and wondered whether that near, so that the Bullingtons and Daisy audacious woman, as she inwardly des- entered the dining-room of the Gulch

The dining-room was certainly not an look had a little exultation in it. As for the general, he felt that there imposing apartment. The ceiling was had been a battle, though he could not low and smoky; the walls, unlike those comprehend how it had been fought. in most of the houses at Porter's Gulch, The arrival of Col. Crestle, who was were papered, but with paper so hidaffectionately greeted by his wife, sus- cous in its design and color as to make pended hostilities for a time, and the the spectator regret that the laths and mustache? plaister which had, at all events, the the general at dinner, only she and her view. Dancing had already began when husband know; but, after dinner was the Bullington party entered. The to tease Mrs. Bullington. over, the general was seen with his ex- room was crowded; there were three tensive fishing-tackle making his way to sets of "plain cotillions," wonderfully plain, Daisy thought, with a shudder, Two days after this, Mrs. Dr. Gilbert already on the floor; while forty-three arrived; and with her came her sister-in- young men with large hands and feet, law, Daisy Gilbert. Daisy Gilbert was who had been unable to secure partuncommonly pretty. She had curls and ners, sat grimly in the seats which were Harry Curran, "until he can start months longer. Now, won't you tell me dimples and smiles fluttering around placed on all four sides of the balland across her face. She was lithe and room. Such a motly assemblage as in time. sideradle independence of character. gray-haired women and little girls were Mrs. Gen. Bullington was aroused. She

They still greeted each other politely sat in state, composed of a melodeon, a the national beverage, whisky. Agree-

man, with a persistence worthy of a bet- alone beside her.

persuasively. "Woman is scarce hereabouts, and we'd like to have you and your daughter there trot out a little. We don't want no folks here that won't

In spite of the presence of Gen. Bullington, poor Daisy felt a little frightened. She did not want to dance with a man whose pistol and bowie-knife were his most striking features. Just as she was sitting there, perplexed and foolish child," said Mrs. Gen. Bullingconfused, hardly realizing what the vaed fresh, pleasant, and manly, struck her ear. Now, when the feminine ear say anything, but went slowly, very is struck by the tones of a man's voice, | slowly, to sleep. the feminine eye turns to look at the owner of the voice. The voice said: "Why, Miss Gilbert, this is a pleas-

ant surprise. Don't you remember me, Harry Curran?" And Daisy looked, in accordance with the law we have just enunciated, and recognized him. Then she gave a little gasp, and looked at Mrs. Bullington, and saw that she did not recognize him.

'May I renew our acquaintance by a waltz, Miss Gilbert?" said Mr. Harry Curran; and Daisy said yes; and they left Mrs. Bullington, and in an instant his arm was around her supple waist, and off they went, all fire and grace and beauty, in spite of the melodeon and trumpet, exciting admiration even in the stupid louts around them. So well before she stopped, and then she said, Of course you must explain your con-

duct, sergeant." "I owe it to you, I know," said Mr. Curran; "but I wish you could trust me enough, and believe I am sufficiently a gentleman for you to forget my real position. I came over here without leave of absence; and, if I am discovered, I am disgraced. I saw that those men troubled you, and I hoped to help you out of your difficulty,'

"What did you come over here for?" said Daisy.

geant boldly; and then he colored. "You are no sergeant," said Daisy. proper?"

"At least, you talk to me as I have lington ceased. Men were detailed to "Of course it was," replied Mrs. heard other young gentlemen,—no, I general; "I forgot all about that. I'll animal licked the ugly wounds, but the don't mean that, but,—who are you?" ask Matilda." and a week after the general received his wife's letter, that lady was deposit- Crestle," said Mrs. Gen. Bullington, said the sergeant. "My life has been a casually that Mrs. Crestle had said it in his shroud, but before the grave ed at the doorfrom the ambulance which had been sent to the railroad station, a would be improper, immediately exclosed over the human form the dog had been sent to the railroad station, a would be improper, immediately exclosed over the human form the dog thirty ings. trifling distance of sixteen miles, for indignantly, "let us drop the sergeant," crushed; and now I am simply Sergeant was a fool,

> with you again?" you, I am afraid," said Daisy.

Mr. Harry Curran with a bow. "Dear me!" said Mrs. Bullington;

"I think you are mistaken, Mrs. Cres-Very," said the General.

"You must take good care of Daisy Curran. to-night," said Mrs. Bullington blandly. "The child is passionately fond of dancshe finds among these people. Only the her to do so. But, of course, it was im- other day she quite went into rapture geant at the camp; said he was handsome; so ridiculous, ; ou know."
The child upon this blushed vividly

"That is his volunteer rank," replied lington and Dr. Gilbert, entered the Mrs. Crestle sweetly, "just as brigadier- buge mountain-wagon belonging to the and hastily said it was time for the next general by brevet is Capt. Bullington's, camp, and started for Porter's Gulch. Just as they entered that flourishing the flow of Mrs. Bullington's conversation by carrying Daisy off. "Are you really Mr. Joseph Curran's

nephew?" asked Daisy. "Certainly," said Mr. Curran. Daisy looked carefully at him. He eemed handsome; but she fancied his "Do you know who the handsome

of doubt appear in his expression. Now, what Mrs. Bullington said to merit of simplicity, were hidden from beard, and taller and darker than you "And that w are. And I only said he was handsome

ergeant at the camp is?" she asked,

and had the pleasure of seeing a shade

"Will you do me a favor?" asked Mr.

ahead of them, and get back to the camp | your story?'

Now, at this moment the wrath of ing ever happened to me She seldom asked advice, and still more among the dancers, and a grand-mother, sat and looked upon the throng, but Harry Curran; then there was silence seldom took it. She was, in a word, a if Daisy had only known it, was execut-mingled not with them. Now, beside for a little while. ing that interesting and beautiful figure the "caller," who stood mounted on a "It was curious the way we first met; platform behind the melodeon, and by wasn't it?" said Daisy. the side of the trumpet, was a bottle At one end of the room the orchestra and a tumbler; and in the bottle was By a special order from the war de- enough; but Col. Crestle did not smoke violin, a guitar, a cornet and a brass ably exhibitated by the national bever- ple generally mind their own business partment, Capt. Bullington, brigadier- an after-dinner cigar, as formerly, on trumpet. The performers on these value, the natural wit and humor of the west of the Mississippi, nothing was general of volunteers, was transferred the piazza of Gen. Bullington's cottage; rious instruments seemed to have vafrom comparative peace and comfort, in and a distinct boundary-line seemed rious ideas of time and tune, and con- Accordingly he varied his calls from the naturally envied their comrade's luck. one of our island cities, to a remote now to be drawn between the respective tinually indulged in little departures dull and stereotyped routine. Instead But one July day when Gen. Bulling from the key in which they were play- of "lady forward, and swing opposite ton sat, radiant in Panama hat and linen ing. The blast of the trumpet was not gentleman, and balance to fourth gendleman, under the cotton-wood trees on named Camp Jenkins, after the com- a marked effect on the camp. In the first sustained, but intermittent; when it did theman," he cried, "lady forward and the bank of the creek, endeavoring to mander of a surveying expedition who place not only did it inspire the two un- occur, however, it was so powerful as to swing the handsomest man in the room, beguile some unwary fish, he heard the established it. It had been established married lieutenants with a wild passion, entirely drown everything else. In and then balance to the one she loves steps of horses, and he heard voices because there were Indians in its vicini- but made them drill their men for the spite of the confusion and noise, the best." This filled the bosom of Mrs. The voices were soft and low; he looked, ty; the instant that it was established most part directly under her windows, entrance of the two ladies excited an Gen. Bullington with disgust; and, and saw Daisy and her sergeant, and he the noble red men faded away like especially when a right or left wheel amount of attention calculated to de- when Daisy and Mr. Curran returned, heard them call each other "Daisy" morning mist, with the exception of a was required. Thereby Daisy's lawn light both ladies had they been vora- she announced her intention of leaving and "Harry." His first impression ciously craving of masculine admiration, this "disgraceful scene." But Daisy was that he was dreaming; then as sors. It was a lovely spot; it had cot- ruffled. But, strong as was Daisy's ef- The "plain cotillion" soon reached its teased for just one dance more, and Mr. he listened in astonishment to what they ton-wood and willow tree standing by feet upon the gentlemen, still more end; and several men thereupon rushed Curran seconded her, and so she went were saying, he felt very young for a out for the Virginia reel. Mrs. Bulling- few seconds; and then with an elephan-"The next dance," said one of the ton saw figures of ungainly men and time bound that threw his fishing-pole roughest-looking of these, "is a waltz. calico-dressed belles go spinning about, out into the creek, he sprang to his feet, and grew thoroughly glad that Mrs. and cried out, "Stop! "Sir." said Mrs. Bullington, in min- Crestle was not present to exult in her gled anger and disdain, "I do not discomfiture. Very long indeed the dance seemed to her, and very much

"I'll learn you how, marn," said the astonished she was when Daisy appeared 'Why, where is Mr. Curran?" she "I do not dance with strangers," said asked; and Daisy explained that he had Mrs. Bullington, with increased sever- been called away. Then Mrs. Bullington rose to go; but Daisy was such a "You'd better, marm," said the man long time getting ready, that she grew forward and manly way; and the general quite impatient, and the general quite sleepy. And then, when they were all seated in the ambulance, Daisy found she had forgotten her fan, and it was it. But at last they reached the camp,

and Daisy broke the silence which had oppressed them with the words,— 'Quite safe! O, I am so glad!' "Of course we are quite safe, you ton. "You had better go straight to rious men about her were trying to say, bed. You have been dancing too much the tones of a man's voice, which sound- to-night." And Daisy thought that perhaps she had, though she did not

"To-morrow morning," she thought, when he comes, as he probably will, to the general's cottage with some message, he will not find me there, and that will disappoint him. And, when he is it is an excellent match. Why, gendoes not see me, he will smile from un- eral, he will come into half a million. der his mustache; his mustache is very becoming; and I shall look very blank.

How disappointed he will be." And so Daisy began to dream. The next day found Daisy very fretful and discontented. Cause,—her plans stand women." had been frustrated. In the first place, he did not come in the morning; in the second place, when he did come, in the afternoon, he did not smile from under his mustache, partly because his mus- phis. An old man, Peter Bean by tache was shaved off, and partly because, did Mr. Harry Curran waltz that Daisy before, he was prepared for a feminine of which he was very fond. Peter was a

preceding night. But the next day Gen. Bullington, Daisy, blindly become an instrument in always by Peter's side, was large and the hands of Providence.

"My dear," said he, "I have found a

"O, it will be lively," cried Daisy "For the same reason that you did," have told Sergeant Butler to act as your He looked up; there was a swift glance "The delegates set at 3 P. M. said the sergeant; "and yet that was escort. He is a good, honest sort of of recognition, and then the light went set at 5.". fellow; very trustworthy; and, while he out of the well-digger's eyes forever. __Jackson, Tenn., young ladies tie up Greeley.

geant? The idea is absurd." foliage mostly sage-brush; yet Daisy "Let me see," said Mrs. Bullington glanced furtively at the sergeant, who

ly made a remark.
"I suppose General Bullington told you that you were to ride out with me whenever I wanted to go."

"Yes, miss," replied the sergeant.

"Now, don't talk in that stiff way," said Daisy, "when you know I know better. Please don't be a sergeant, Mr. "Very well, then," said Mr. Curran becoming elastic suddenly, "if you are

"Why, of course," said Daisy, "Sergeants are not interesting." "Thanks for the implied compli-

"Don't suppose that I imply any thing," said Daisy. "Only please tell me your story.

"I have none to tell," said Mr. Cur "Oh, very well, then!" said Daisy, and pouted. She could pout. "Well, really, Miss Gilbert," said Mr. Curran, "there is very little to say.

I was born at an early age,"
"You can skip that," said Daisy. Well, then," continued Mr. Curran 'I was engaged to be married by my uncle, who has taken care of me since my parents died, and whose fortune I was to inherit. Now, it is a good thing "No, I do not," he said. "Has he a to be engaged. My uncle and myself were agreed on that point; but we differ-

"And that was?"—asked Daisy. " And that was the woman he select ed. As I was going to marry for myself and not for my uncle, I remonstrated. Remonstrance made a row, and I enlist-"Perhaps," said Daisy. "What is ed for three years. The lady in question is married; my uncle is ready to "When Mrs. Bullington is ready to welcome me back; but I insist on serv-

'Mine!" cried Daisy, "Why, noth-"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr.

"Very," said Mr. Curran. So, after this, Daisy rode out fre-

They stopped. They were on the opposite side of the creek; and the genral was forced to elevate his voice slightly, so that the tableau was not en-

tirely impressive. "What," said the general sternly "does all this mean?" Then Daisy began to cry, and the sergeant tried to explain, in a straight- per.

felt himself growing steadily younger acquaintances, and younger, and finally said,-"You needn't say anything more. don't know about such things myself; absolutely necessary to go back and get but come over to my house immediately

on your return to camp.' And the pair rode off, and the general walked off slowly to his home. "I never was worked up with anything romantic before," he said to himself; "and I will never be again. What | put a Mansard roof on him. right has a sergeant to be no sergeant at all? And what will Matilda say?" This is what Matilda said; she ad- of rational beings. vanced smilingly to meet her husband

and said .-"What a charming little romance this is! "What!" said the general: "you like

"Certainly," said Mrs. Bullington: And the wedding is to be here in camp. His time is up in seven weeks now,

"Well," said he, "I do not under- have.

Died of Grief.

A touching story comes from Memhaving flirted occasionally in his life something like thirty years, had a dog a pound loaf weighs only twelve ounces. he one of great military renown? No; reaction on the part of Daisy, from the bachelor, and he lived a lonely life. was wasting away with consumption, ex- walk in life. Here is our Chief Magisgraciousness of her behavior on the The only thing he tenderly fondled was claimed: "Ah, my dear fellow, how from all parts of the country cathered divided with his master the frugal meal. who had made a pet in every way of Well, the dog, which was nearly powerful of frame, and cheerful and playful in disposition. It seemed to horse in the camp that will just suit love its master with that perfect, enyou. Horseback riding will do you during love that crowds all less weighty objects from the heart. One day it was | sponge their living off him at home." separated a few hours from the old An Indiana paper describes the here in reverence around his remains? oyously; and then, as an afterthought, man. Peter was patiently laboring at feast of a legislative delegation at a It is because the man is greater than added, "but I can't go alone, general." the bottom of the well, when he faintly railroad dinner. The reporter narrates his politics. Here to-day, between the "That is true," said the general. "I heard the joyful bark of his favorite, the facts in the case very pointedly, two occass there is scarcely a man or "What was it then," said Daisy, imseriously.
"Because you came," said the sergent boldly; and then he colored.
"I should feel safe, I know, general," said Daisy demurely; "but would it be the cause, blushingly reply: "I burnt them while broiling the beefsteak this them while broiling the beefsteak this bad a great heart, which longed for "Proper! Oh, confound it!" said the corpse. With piteous howls the faithful fond caress could not reanimate the fast before the cold clay of its master and "Your husband will be here in a few There is going to be a ball to-mor- But Mrs. Bullington will detect So it was settled; and one pleasant the corpse of her beloved Abradatas, no fees for myself," he replied. morning in May, Daisy and Sergeant why should we not drop a word of -An inebriated stranger precipitated tempestuous voyage, has reached the wife have traveled together part of the way, so that I suppose you are acquaint- brightening up.

"A ball?" said Daisy, suddenly "Not a bit," said the sergeant gayly. Butler started together on the mounsy brightening up.

"Not a bit," said the sergeant gayly. Butler started together on the depot stairs, and, on shore. How blessed are the dead that striking the landing, reproachfully die in the Lord! May God grant that

NUMBER 43.

BALLAN OF THE BALL n! How are you Fred! hair, and have a light, FRED.

From the Mather's jam last night? "Didn't dance; the German's old." "Didn't you? I had to lend-

old boy, recovered yet

Awful bore; but where were you?" "Set it out with Mellie Meade "Jolly little girl she is— Said she didn't c-a-r-e to dance Rather have a quiet chat, Then she gave me such a glance.

So when you had cleared the room, And had captured all the chairs, laving nothing else, we two Took possession of the stairs. "I was on the lower step-

Mollie on the next above.

Gave me her boquet to hold—

A-s-k-e-d me to draw on her glove.

"Then, of course, I squeezed her hand— Talked about my wasted life— Said my sole salvation must Be a true and gentle wife. "Then, you know, I used my eyes-She believed me, every word, Almost said she loved me—Jove!

Such a voice I never heard, Gave me some symbolic flower With a meaning, oh, so sweet! Don't know where it is, I'm sure Must have d-r-o-p-p-e-d it in the street How I spooned! and she-the goose! Well, I know it wasn't right, but she did believe me so, That I—k-i-s-s-e-d her; pass a light."

JULIA: Mollie Meade! Well, I declare! Who'd a-thought of seeing you ! "Oh, you awful wicked girl-There, don't blush-I saw it all,"

"Saw all what?" ULLIA.

At the Mather's-in the hall,' MOLLIE. "Oh, you horrid! where were you? Wasn't Gus an awful goose?

Most men must be caught; but be Run his neck right in the noose

But papa said I must stop, And I promised ma I would. "So I looked up sweet, and said I didn't mind a talk with him, Hope he didn't see my face—

Luckily the lights were dim.

Then he gently squeezed my hand, Looking sweetly in my face With his handsome, loving eyes; Really, he's a funny case!

"He was all so earnest, too; But I thought I'd have to laugh When he kissed a flower I gave. Looking silly as a calf, "I suppose Gus has it now.
In a wine-glass on his shelves. It's a mystery to me Why men will deceive themselves

"Saw him hiss me? Oh! you wretch; Well he begged so hard for one, And I thought ther'd no one know, So-I l-e-t him-just for fun,

of men are such funny things, They need a Lesson once a year -Eli Perkins

HUMOROUS. Neck or nothing—A ball dress. Easy things to make—Mistakes. Belle mettle-A young lady's tem-

a-corn. A watchmaker says he passes a great many "springs" every year in his

-Hereafter the worst you can wish

the human species, come under the head | with some of the modern improvement A foreign medical journal remarks

—"The earth is the Lord's." "Lots 40x60 for \$250." These were the adjoining inscriptions at the Sea Cliffs camp-

meeting grounds. -Saith the modern belle, hampered by a weak treasury: "Dresses are long The general sat down and wiped his and boots are worn high; stockings I can do without, but ear-rings I must

"No, sir; I jest spekilated, and bought 'im of t'other boy for six cents!" name, a well-digger in the locality for yeast that makes his bread so light that of these great princes of wealth? Was

the dog who shared his bed and who slow you walk!" "Yes," replied the

—A St. Louis parent, who happens to be blessed with a prodigal son, "rejoices more over one boy that runs away and stays, than the whole family who

thirty foot uv harnessing a hoss,—Bit-

ed. The general knew who Mrs. Crestle as the same people were setting in the was. This waltz is over; may I dance could be raised. But what is a ser- If we celebrate in verse the death of pay you with but my heart." "Hand it What more can we say in enlogy of the Panthea, who slew herself upon the over to my clerk, if you please; I wish character of this illustrious dead? Alas!

with you an' showed you the way." us into glory,

Bloody Oriental War in Prospect.

[From the New York Tribune. Dispatch es from the far East indicate the imminence of an armed conflict between Corea and the recognized Emperor of Japan. It would seem almost a fatality that Japan, with which we have such interesting relations, and for which our countrymen cherish such lively sympathy, should so soon be involved in a war which may test the value of international friendship. But the Japanese are confident, and with a fair share of what we can afford to call Yankee boastfulness, express their de-

termination to vindicate their ancient claim to the featty of the Corea. The original conquest of the country. it is claimed by the Japanese, was about sixteen hundred years ago, when the Empress Jingo-Kongo, at the head of a considerable army, invaded the Corea, subjugated the people, and laid them under tribute. This tribute was regularly paid for several centuries, but Japan becoming involved in internecine wars, the Coreans took occasion to allow the payment to lapse, and many years passed without the annual levy being exacted. When Taico Sama, the founder of the dual system of Imperial Government, and a warrior of renown, came to the Tyconate in the sixteenth century, he demanded a renewal of the tribute from the Coreans, and on their refusal invaded the country and brought them to terms. The tax was paid until the downfall of the late Tycoon, Chief of the Tokugawa clan; and when the Government, after a short struggle, was rehabitated, and the present Emperor became seated on the throne, he sent word to the Corean Emperor that the annual tribute, payment of which had been suspended, must be forthcoming with arrears. The Corean Government

replied in concise terms:
"We have received your letter, and have given it very deep consideration. comparing your dispatch with other dispatches. It is a long time since there has been any intercourse between the two countries. Your dispatch demands payment of tribute. We will show how this affair stands. Taico Sama, without provocation or cause of any kind, invaded Corea, and made Corea sign a document agreeing to pay tribute. In those days Corea was unprepared for war, and had not even been informed of the intention of Japan. But it is very different now. The invasion of Taico was a crime committed against Corea by Japan which is not punished. Your demand is so unreasonable that, instead

of Corea paying you tribute, it is for you to return the money paid by Corea. This was turning the tables on Japan, and as tribute had been paid for about ten centuries, it will be seen that Corea has an enormous demand against Japan to offset that for the tribute in arrears. It can hardly be expected, however, that Corea is in earnest in anything further than a vigorous defense of the threatened invasion. Such a conflict would be further complicated by the attitude which China would be compelled to assume, for China, in its turn, has held a loose sort of domination of Corea. When the famous Shang dynasty was overthrown B. C. 1122, the Viscount Ke, a determined enemy of the Chew dynasty which succeeded to the crown, fled to Corea, where he was afterward invested with the sovereignty of the country by the reigning Emperor of China. In this characteristically Chi--An indescribable circle-A circle of nese manner Corea was annexed to the Celestial empire, and a show of trib-Never have a wooden leg made of | utary dependence was kept up until oak, because the oak is apt to produce modern times. China cannot be neutral in any war between Japan and a country which has up to a very recent period acknowledged dependence on the

Chinese Empire. Corea has a population of 12,000,000, an army of 640,600, men and a navy of your enemy will be, that somebody may 200 vessels. But Japan, with a population four times as large, and an im--Pillows, though not belonging to mense, well-drilled army, equipped of warfare, may well boast of being able to subdue her semi-barbaric adversary. that the most warlike nation in modern | The contest must needs be largely naval; times is vaccination, because it is always and the world will have an opportunity to discover of how much practical value her new fleet and armament really are to modern Japan.

Horace Greeley's Funeral On the occasion of Mr. Greeley's funeral, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher de livered the following eloquent and touching tribute: No one dies whose death is

not momentous of all who have passed -Old Equestrian: "Well, but you're | Not one has gone for a long time who not the boy I left my horse with!" Boy: will carry with him so much reverence, so much honor, so much devotion. Who is this man who gets all these civic -A baker has invented a new kind of honors? Who is this man? Was he one -A gentleman meeting a friend, who and yet here are men from every from all parts of the country gathered consumptive. "I walk slow, but I'm go- around the bier of this man who is now no more. Here we see that criticism is disarmed. A little time ago and men's political passions were all aroused, and we differ as much on politics as ever; but here lies this man who, but a brief time ago, was a great leader in the land. And why do men of all parties gather fluence of the character of Horace

had a great heart, which longed for -Human knowledge iz not very kom- sympathy. Though he may not be re-—Human knowledge iz not very kom-prehensive, after all—I have seen men who kould kalkulate an eklipse tew a sonare inch who kouldn't cum within square inch, who kouldn't cum within those great qualities of mind and heart which make his character commensurate as it were with the geinus of this great -An advocate having gained a suit republic. His influence has gone out And so the sergeant was dropped. At the same time Mrs. Crestle alight.

And so the sergeant was dropped. Butler—except to-night, when I try to mound out its life in grief. It is a sad for a poor young lady who was very ught to teach a median to the story silvered o'er with touching beauty.

The general knew who Mrs. Crestle alight.

The general knew who Mrs. Crestle

alas! He, through a long and not inapostrophized himself with: "If you'd in the solemnity of these thoughts, in -A Washington street boy received a been a wantin' to come down stairs, which we have gathered here, it may